

THE MADISON WHIG ADVOCATE.

BY G. E. W. NELSON & Co.

"OUR COUNTRY—ALWAYS OUR COUNTRY—RIGHT OR WRONG."

At Five Dollars in advance.

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G. E. W. NELSON & Co.

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rates.

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Dollars each.

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not be attended to.

Appearances.

Think not because the eyes are bright
And the smiles are laughing there,
That the heart is beating within its light
And free from pain and care?
A blush may tinge the darkest cloud
Ere Sol's last rays depart,
And underneath the sunniest smile
May lurk the saddest heart.
Mirth's sudden gleam may light the cheek,
Though joy be far away,
As blossoms oft adorn the tree
That's hastening to decay;
It is but as the varying hue
Of April's wayward hours—
A sunbeam bursting brightly through,
When all behind are showers.
For there are pangs the sorrowing heart
Will oft in darkness shroud,
That lurk within the lonely depths
Like lightning in the cloud;
As falls the shadow on the path,
When bright the sunbeams glare,
Which ever way our thoughts are turned,
That darksome shape is there.
Though brightly o'er the hollow cheek,
The smile, the laugh may break,
Like bubbles bursting on the breast
Of Acheron's dark lake;
They are but outward signs to hide
The deadly pangs they feel,
As o'er the lone and mouldering tower
The rose is taught to steal.

THE USED UP.

The jig is up, I have been flung,
Sky high—and worse than that;
The girl whose promise I have sung
With pen, with pencil, and with tongue—
Said "No,"—and I felt flat!
Now I will neither roar nor rant,
Nor my head fate deplore;
Why should a fellow look afloat
If one girl says she won't or can't,
While there's as many more?
I strove my best; it would not do;
I told her she'd regret;
She'd ruin my heart and chances, too,
As girls don't like those fellows who
Their walking papers get.
In truth I loved her very well,
And thought that she loved me,
The reason why I cannot tell,
But when I wooed this pretty belle,
'Twas a mistake in me.
She's blue of eyes, and her sweet smile,
Like some of which I've read,
Is false; for she, with softest guile,
Lured me 'mong rocks, in loves bright tale
And then she cut me dead.
My vanity was wounded sore;
And that I hate the worst;
You see a haughty look I wore
And thought that she could but adore
Of all men me the first.
Well, thank the fates, once more I'm free
At every shrine I'll bow,
And if again a girl cheats me,
Exceeding sharp shall I have to be—
I've cut my eye, tooth now.
On, like the humble bee, I'll rove,
Just when and where I please;
Inhaling sweets from every grove,
Humming around each flower I love,
And dancing in each breeze.

Popping the Question.

That important and difficult scene of
"Popping the Question" is thus describ-
ed by "An Old Bachelor," who seems
to speak from experience, as well as from
a profound knowledge of the
"road that leads to woman's heart." We
are not versed in these matters, never
having "screwed our courage to the sticking
point," therefore cannot endorse
them as being entirely orthodox; but we
intend before long to take lessons under
Hogan of the Weekly Review, who is a
"Master of Arts," in every thing in relation
to "Love, Women and Bachelors,"
and then we shall be better able to pass
judgment upon the subject. "Previous
to which," (as they say in the "bills of
the play," we have a great mind to try
our hand at "Popping the Question," in
order to find out how one feels in such a di-
lemma. But perhaps we had as well put
it off until we have some knowledge on
the subject, for now
"The way of woman's will we do not know,"
and we might be compelled to pocket that
which would forever be a dead weight
upon our future happiness.
"Though it is impossible to say any
thing very much about refusal generally,
little tact and observation will always

tell you whether the girl who refused
you would have been worth having had
she accepted. I am speaking of verbal
communications only, as nobody ever
writes who can speak. It is usual, in
cases of refusal, for the lady to say, that
she is deeply grateful for the honor you
have done her—but feeling only friend-
ship for you she regrets that she cannot
accept your proposal, &c. I have heard
the words so often that I know them by
heart. The words, however varied, signi-
fify little—it is the tone and manner in
which they are pronounced, that must
guide you in forming your estimate of
the cruel one. If they are pronounced
with evident marks of sorrow instead of
triumph, showing unfeigned regret for
having caused pain which she could not
alleviate—if her voice is soft, unbroken
and tremulous—her eye dimmed with a
half formed tear, which it requires even
an effort to subdue, then, I say, you may
share in her sorrow, for you have prob-
ably lost a prize worth gaining—but
though you grieve, you may also hope,
if you are a man of any pretensions, for
there is evidently good feeling to build
upon. Do not, therefore, fly out, and
make an idiot of yourself, on receiving
your refusal, submit with a good grace,
solicit a continuance of friendship, to
support you under a heart crushing af-
fliction you have sustained. Take her
hand at parting—kiss it frequently, but
quietly—no outburst of any kind—
just a little at the expense of your own
failure, without, however, attempting to
deprive her of the honor of the victory.
Rise in her estimation by the manner in
which you receive your sentence; let
her sorrow be mingled with admiration,
and there is no knowing how some
things will change. These instructions
you will perceive, are not intended for
every one, as they require skill, tact,
quickness, and feeling, in order to be
appreciated and acted upon. If you want
these qualities, just make love, pursue in
hand—it is a safe mode of proceeding,
and will answer admirably with all ranks
from Almack's to the Borough. There
is only one class with whom it will an-
swer, and that is the very class worth
having.

"If, on the other hand, the lady refuses
you in a ready made and well delivered
speech, which had evidently been pre-
pared and kept waiting for you, then
make your bow and thank your stars for
your lucky escape. If she admonishes
your inconsiderate conduct, bids you
calm your excited feelings, and support
affliction: If she triumphs in fact, and is
consequently polite, then cut a caper
for joy, and come down in the attitude of
John Bologna's flying Mercury, for you
have cause to rejoice. If the lady snaps
at you, as much as to say, "You are an
impertinent fellow,"—which may some-
times be true, though it should not exact-
ly be told;—then reply with a few stanzas
of Miss Landon's song:

"There is in southern climes a breeze,
That sweeps with changeless course the seas;
Fixed to one point, oh! faithful gale!
Thou art not for my wandering sail."

If she burst out in a large fit of laugh-
ter, as I once knew a lady to do, then
join her by all means, for you may be
sure she is an ill-bred haydon, or a down-
right idiot. But, if unable to speak,
grief, at having caused you pain, makes
her burst into tears, as a little Swedish
girl once did when such a proposition was
made to her, then join her if you like,
for the chances are that you have lost one
worth weeping for.

The Past and the New Year.

BY CHIEF JUSTICE NELSON, OF MAINE.

The close of the year, whose last knell
is heard, amid the chills and gloom of
winter, when all reminds us of our de-
parted friends and the loss we have sus-
tained, is peculiarly adapted to rouse us
from our inattention to the lapse of time,
and impress on our hearts the solemn
truth that life itself is but a vapor.
Many of us, when they look upon the
grave of the year, may experience a
rush of bitter feeling, as they fondly re-
collect how many cherished hopes they
have been called upon to bury in the
tomb, during the lapse of the year; how
many friends have proved false or un-
grateful—how many of their own have
gone down in the gloom of solitude, or
amidst scenes of sickness and poverty,
or of sighing or sorrow. All this is true,
and such ever has been and ever will be
the complexion of human life. But tho'
thousands are educated in a school where
such is the salutary discipline, yet mil-
lions have been spending the year in
peace and joy—in health and abundance.
Their journey has been gladdened by
sunshine, and their course has been thro'
fields of beauty and beside "the still
waters of comfort." It is useful—it is
a species of gratitude thus to look back
and trace the course we have been pur-
suing. If it has been delightful, or
smooth and peaceful, our hearts should
melt in tenderness while we look to the
fountain of all our blessings. If our
course has been wearisome thro' fields
of sterility, or melancholy and compan-
ionless, we should remember that wis-
dom and goodness preside over our des-
tinies, whether we are breasting the
storm, or calmly beholding the rainbow
of promise. The year that has bid us
adieu, was pleasant in its course, and in
its decline, gradual and beautiful. An
unusual degree of softness distinguished
its autumn, resembling the last years of
the life of man, when the agitation of
the passions has in a great measure sub-
sided; when his feelings have become
calm and serene, if he has been careful to
regulate his conduct on life's journey,
by the principles of justice and commands
of duty—if in his social intercourse his
passions have been preserved in due
subjection to the gentle influence of a
benevolent heart, displaying itself in

acts of mercy like the good Samaritan—

"Sure the last end
Of the good man is peace. How calm his exit!
Night dew falls not more gently on the ground,
Nor weary, worn outwards expire so soft."

The new year to which we are just
introduced is, in one sense, a perfect
stranger, though we have been long inti-
mate with the family to which it belongs,
and of course have some general ac-
quaintance with certain features of its
character, leading us to anticipate its
promises and its perils, and to form an
estimate of its merits and its demerits.
In many instances—its smiles and its
tears—its flatteries and its frowns—its
gaies and hopes—its gradual decline—
decay and dissolution—but we have a
redundant reason for indulging the be-
lief that we may enjoy thousands of
blessings, if we are disposed to cherish
proper feelings—to be kind and courte-
ous and obliging, and ever on our guard
to avoid unnecessarily wounding the
feelings of others, ever ready to ac-
knowledge the favors we receive, and
render a suitable return.

How easily all this may be done!—
How often is it grossly neglected! He
who consults his own ease and comfort
cannot in any manner attain the desired
result so readily and certainly, as by ha-
bitually consulting the ease and comfort
of others, with whom he is in the habit
of associating; and this is true politeness
also. A man who is dissatisfied with
himself and those around him, and la-
boring under the darkening influence of
disturbed or morose feelings, "may travel
from Dan to Beersheba and find it all
barren"—to him it will appear so; and
the effect would be the same if his
journey lay amidst the most delightful
scenery of rural beauty. The seasons of
the year all give their annual lessons for
instruction. It is our wisdom to regard
them carefully. Spring summons us all
to cheerful activity, with the assurance
that our labor will not be in vain. Sum-
mer performs what spring had promised,
and shows us the advantage of listening
to early instruction and wisely improv-
ing it. Ten thousand songsters are fill-
ing the branches with their animating
strains of music and gratitude, and
teaching us to enjoy, as they do, the
countless blessings and bounties of na-
ture; their music is never failing—nor
do we see it ending in discords. Let us
all, as we journey onward together thro'
the year, learn to tune our hearts and
to cheer their voices, and pass the flow-
ing period in harmony, and in that
cheerfulness which the excellent Ad-
dison has honored with the name of a
continual expression of gratitude to Heav-
en.

In Germany the study and practice of
music are general among the people—
Besides other advantages resulting from
making music a part of common educa-
tion, it is not romantic or utopian to ob-
serve that it teaches how easily music—
pure surpassing music—may be made on
the same instrument, which under an in-
norant or proposed touch will sound
forth discords in prodigious varieties.—
He who has become acquainted with the
instrument, though not a master of it,
well knows how to avoid those combina-
tions of sound which are painful to the
ear, and often tend to disturb feelings
and passions. What tones are sweeter
than those produced by the gentle breeze
of heaven in passing over the strings of
the Eolian harp? The reason is, those
strings are so attuned that their vibra-
tions will not respond except in notes of
harmony; but only disorder the strings,
by increasing the tension of some and
decreasing that of others, and the sweet-
est zephyr will produce nothing but the
vildest discords, resembling angry pas-
sions. Let us then, in our journey thro'
the year on which we have entered, re-
quire as much as possible a knowledge
of the science and the art of social and
domestic moral music. Let us learn to
measure our time with care, to cultivate
our voices that they may lose all harsh-
ness; let each attend to his own part, and
endeavor to excel in that. Let us consider
our feelings, passions and dispositions,
as the strings of the harp, and the ordi-
nary events of life as the breezes which
give vibration to the strings; if these
strings—our feelings, passions, and dis-
positions, are in proper tune—under due
regulation, and preserving a just rela-
tion each to all the others, we have then
all the elements of moral music, domes-
tic and social, and in a few weeks, by
due regard to all, the principles and ar-
rangements above mentioned we shall
soon be good scholars, giving and receiv-
ing all that pleasure which harmony can
afford, and as the sober autumn ad-
vances, our taste for this kind of music will
be more and more ripened towards per-
fection; and when the cold December
evenings shall arrive, we can listen to
the angry music of the elements abroad,
full of discordant strains, sweeping by
our peaceful homes, while within them
all may be the music of the heart, in its
gentlest movements.

It is a melancholy truth that we our-
selves manufacture seven-eighths of what
we are disposed to term our misfortunes
in this world. Want of precaution mars
our arrangements; want of prudence ex-
poses us to dangers which we might easily
have avoided—want of patience
often hurries us into difficulties, and dis-
qualifies us to bear them with calmness
or decency. Indulgence in follies and
fashions often plants the seeds of wast-
ing disease. Intemperance in our pas-
sions always is followed by unwelcome
sensations, and sometimes with a sense
of shame. Stimulants are succeeded by
debility, and when they are used to ex-
cite, we know and daily witness the
dreadful results—if death is not one of
them—either the death of the offender,
or of some other destroyed by his hand
in the tempest of infuriated passion—we
are too often compelled to mourn over
the dissolution they occasion—present-
ing in one view,
"Hate—grief—despair—the family of pain."

The Joys of Home.

O! what so refreshing, so soothing, so
satisfying, as the placid joys of home!
See the traveller. Does duty call him
for a few years to leave his beloved circle?
The image of his earthly happi-
ness continues vividly in his remem-
brance; it quickens him to diligence; it
cheers him under difficulties; it makes
him hail the hour which sees his purpose
accomplished, and his face turned to-
wards home; it communes with him as
he journeys; and he hears the promise
which causes him to hope, "Thou shalt
know also that thy tabernacles shall be
in peace; and thou shalt visit thy habi-
tation and not sin." O, the joyful re-
union of a divided family—the pleasures
of renewed interview and conversation
after years of absence!

Behold the man of science. He drops
the labor and painfulness of research,
closes his volume, smooths his wrinkled
brow, leaves his study, and unbending
himself, stoops to the capacities, yields
to the wishes, and mingles with the
diversions of his children.

He will not blush that has a father's heart,
To take in childish play a childish part:
But lends his sturdy back to any toy
That youth takes pleasure in to please his boy.

Take the man of trade. What re-
conciles him to the toil of business?—
What enables him to endure the fastid-
iousness and impertinence of customers?
What rewards him for so many hours of
tedious confinement? By and by the
season of intercourse will arrive; he
will be embosomed in the caresses of his
family; he will behold the desire of his
eyes, and the children of his love, for
whom he resigns his ease; and in their
welfare and smiles he will find his re-
compense.

Yonder comes the laborer. He has
borne the burden and the heat of the
day; the descending sun has released
him from his toil, and he is hastening
home to enjoy repose. Half way down
the lane, by the side of which stands his
cottage, his children run to meet him;
one he carries, and one he leads. The
companion of his humble life is ready to
furnish him with his plain repast. See,
his toil-worn countenance assumes an air
of cheerfulness; his hardships are for-
gotten; fatigue vanishes; he eats and is
satisfied; the evening, fair he walks with
uncovered head around his garden; en-
ters again and retires to rest, and "the
rest of a laboring man is sweet, whether
he eat little or much." Tossing in this
lonely, lovely dwelling, who can be
indifferent to thy comfort? "Peace be
to this house."

Let not ambition mock thy useful toil,
Thy homely joys, and destiny obscure;
No grandeur hear with a disdainful smile,
The short and simple annals of the poor.

Correspondence of the Com. Bulletin.

WASHINGTON, April 19, 1840.

BANKRUPT LAW—BAD CONDITION OF
MISSISSIPPI.—The Chairman of the Ju-
diciary Committee yesterday reported to
the Senate the several bankrupt bills in-
troduced on leave of Mr. Webster and
Mr. Tamm. The bills are reported
back without amendment, but without
the expectation that either of them will
be adopted. Mr. Wall gave notice that
on Wednesday next he would report a
bill, in connection with Mr. Strange, of
North Carolina, one of his colleagues
upon the Committee. The majority of
the Committee, Messrs. Clayton, Critten-
den and Smith, of Indiana, will also
make a report, differing from that of the
minority, in not including corporations.
As I have written you frequently, this is
to be the controverted point.

The Civil and Diplomatic Bill, in the
House yesterday, called forth a speech
from Mr. Brown, of Mississippi—a mem-
ber who made his maiden effort, and
who has commenced his speaking career
with a flourishing trumpet. I listened
to Mr. B. with some attention, and ob-
served that others, who knew him better
than I did, were much more attentive.
Mr. Brown talked much of his own con-
sistency, integrity, hostility to banks,
hated to post notes, friendship for the
sub-treasury system, democracy, Mr.
Van Buren, &c. Mr. B. had taken his
seat, with confident complacency, asked
leave to put a question to the members.
"Does the gentleman," said he, "hear
the name of Albert Gallatin Brown?"

"That is my name," responded Mr. B.
"Were you in the last legislature,"
continued Mr. J., evidently with mis-
chief at the bottom of all his grave cate-
chising.

Mr. B. said that he was a member of
the legislature before the last.
I thought so, rejoined Mr. J., who pro-
ceeded to read from a Mississippi paper
an extract from Mr. Brown's speech, be-
ginning thus eloquently, or in nearly
the same words: "If the captain says halt,
these words to stop in my support of the
sub-treasury scheme."

Mr. Brown said that the report of his
speech was a garbled one. Six sentences
which had been omitted to one published.
He admitted, however, that he agreed to
oppose the sub-treasury bill, if Mr.
Van Buren did so, but this was done as
the humblest member of his party. So
much for this apology, which certainly
did not place Mr. Brown in a much bet-
ter light than his speech in the Legisla-
ture. Mr. B. to-day, in his first speech,
took occasion to say how hostile he was,
and intimated how hostile he had been to
post notes. In answer to this, Mr. Jenni-
fer again "stirred up Mr. Brown's pure
mind by way of remembrance." He
read additional extracts, after Mr. Brown
had said, in explanation, that he never
had voted for post notes but once. The extract
was many years gone by. In the year
of our Lord one thousand eight
hundred and thirty-nine, he had voted
for the currency he so much denounced.

This was a hard answer to a hasty state-
ment, and Mr. Brown looked abashed.—
With much courage, however, he met
the charge by denying the truth of the
record, although Mr. J. read officially.
The members of the House were much
amused at the catechising and denial,
and Mr. Brown played his part so that
all are convinced that he has a very
poor or a very convenient memory. Mr.
Albert Gallatin Brown clearly wears a
coat to suit the times. The thing he
was in Mississippi he is not here, and
vice versa.

A resolution was offered yesterday
and adopted, calling upon the Committee
on Commerce to inquire into the expedi-
ency of extending the Port of New Or-
leans. Mr. Preston brought the subject
to the attention of the Senate.

The remaining business was not im-
portant. Yours,

From the New York Express.

Major Downing at the Log Cabin,

North Bend.

Log Cabin, North Bend,

March 29, 1840.

To the Moderator of the Downingville Convention.

RESPECTED SIR—I got here yesterday
safe and sound, and am as happy as a
cat at high water. My journey from
Washington to this place would take
about a quire of paper to describe, so I
won't undertake it; but never has a man
had such a time, it was one eternal hur-
rah from the time I crossed the Potomac
I struck the Ohio. I didn't care the
first go off to let folks know who I was
or where I was going; but one chap
looked into my hat and seeing my name
stepped up to me at the dinner table, and
asked me if I was "Jack Downing." I
told him when I was a boy folks called
me "Jack"; but when I riz in the world,
I thought I was entitled to be called John
Downing. "Well," says he, "are you
Major Downing?" "Just so," says I.—
"Is that your ax," says he, "lashed under
that bundle?" "It is," says I. "That's
enuff," says he; and out he went, and
from that time till I got here I needed
neither hard money or paper currency;
there wasn't a stage or a tavern that
wouldn't make me pay a cent, and if I
could have eaten all the "Barbarians" I
offered me, I guess I wouldn't want to eat
again for a considerable spell.

I don't think there is any use in keep-
ing the Convention at Downingville to-
gether after you got this letter; the work
is pretty high done. There is only one
motion now all through this over-
eager and eternal convention—and the present
administration shall no more chance
again! I found him busy as a bee in a
tar bucket, and twice as busy. I hadn't
got my regimentals on, and he took me
for a settler. "Well, stranger," says he,
"how do ye do?" "Right smart," says I.
"How is it with you?" "From the East,"
says he, "and going West?" "Yes, and
no," says I. "Well," says he, "that sounds
right, and makes me hope you will stop
in these parts." I had never seen him
before and as I had come to measure him
through and through, I got eying him,
and we had considerable conversation
before I let on who I was,—and when
I did tell him I guess all Downingville,
and especially our family, and names
from Mr. Brown, of Mississippi—a mem-
ber who made his maiden effort, and
who has commenced his speaking career
with a flourishing trumpet. I listened
to Mr. B. with some attention, and ob-
served that others, who knew him better
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of our Lord one thousand eight
hundred and thirty-nine, he had voted
for the currency he so much denounced.

I have forgot yet that letter to the
old Hero, and was told he was out
attending to ploughing up some bottom
land, and I went off looking for him; and
surely I found him busy as a bee in a
tar bucket, and twice as busy. I hadn't
got my regimentals on, and he took me
for a settler. "Well, stranger," says he,
"how do ye do?" "Right smart," says I.
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who has commenced his speaking career
with a flourishing trumpet. I listened
to Mr. B. with some attention, and ob-
served that others, who knew him better
than I did, were much more attentive.
Mr. Brown talked much of his own con-
sistency, integrity, hostility to banks,
hated to post notes, friendship for the
sub-treasury system, democracy, Mr.
Van Buren, &c. Mr. B. had taken his
seat, with confident complacency, asked
leave to put a question to the members.
"Does the gentleman," said he, "hear
the name of Albert Gallatin Brown?"

"That is my name," responded Mr. B.
"Were you in the last legislature,"
continued Mr. J., evidently with mis-
chief at the bottom of all his grave cate-
chising.

will straighten the crooks of party,—
and as to Books, he says he may have as
many as he can afford to buy—taking
care to see that one, at least, shall stand
first on the list, and that is the Bible.

There is no telling yet when I shall
have here. The General says he can't
part with me no how,—that folks all
about the country write him so many let-
ters, and send him so many questions to
answer, that he hasn't got time to answer
them all, unless he neglects his farm and
lets his apple trees go untended, and in
his friends' best faith, and I am going to
lead him a hand in doing some of his writ-
ing.

There are a good many queries sent
to the General; some honest ones, and
some cunning ones, and all ought to be
answered, and the General is willing to
leave that business to me, only telling me
to keep in my eyes the four pictures
hanging in the Cabinet Chamber. Some
want to know what the General's notions
are about money matters,—Currency,
Sub-treasury and banks, and so forth.

Others about Tariff and Abolition and
Public Land, and so forth. And others
about office-holders, and why ought to
hold office, and so forth. Others about
Internal Improvement, and State Credit,
and so forth; and as I expect to be kept
pretty busy for a spell answering all
these queries for the General, and while he
is busy with his farm and apple trees,
and it ain't possible for me to say that I
can get back your way till I go with the
General to Washington next fall, so you
may as well adjourn the Convention at
Downingville, and refer all unfinished
matters to me, the General at the Cab-
inet Chamber, from which place you
and all creation will hear more
from me.

Your respectful servant and friend,

J. DOWNING, Major, &c. &c.

Bowdoinville.—"My dear," said Mrs.
Green to her husband one morning, "the
meal which we borrowed from Mr. Black
a few days ago, is almost out, and we
must bake to-morrow."

"Well," said her husband, "and
borrow half a bushel at Mr. White's, he
sent to the mill yesterday."

"And when it comes shall we return the
meal we borrowed more than a month
ago, from the Widow Gray?"

"No," said the husband, "gruffly,"
"you can send for it when she wants it. John,
do you go down to Mr. Brown's and ask
him to lend me his axe to chop some
wood this forenoon; our's is dull, and I
saw him grind his last night. And James,
do you go to Mr. Clark's and ask him to
lend me a hammer—do you hear? you
may as well borrow a few nails,
while you are about it."

A little boy enters and says, "Father,
sent me to ask if you had done with the
axe, which you borrowed a week ago
last Wednesday; he wants to use it."

"Wants his axe, child? What can he
want with it? I have cut half down with
it yet—but if he wants it, I suppose he
must have it. Tell him to send it back
though as soon as he can spare it."

They set out to breakfast. "Oh, look!"
exclaims Mrs. Green, "there is not a par-
ticle of butter in the house. James, run
over to Mrs. Notables; she always has
excellent butter in her dairy; and ask her
to lend me a pound, please."

After a few minutes James returns.
Mrs. Notable's says she has sent you the
butter, but begs you to remember that she
has already lent you six pounds of butter,
which are secured on the dairy door."